

## FRENCH WOMAN YIELDS LIFE TO HELP HER LOVER

Executed by Officials of Her Own  
Country at Little Frontier  
Village.

GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON

Wife of Lieutenant in Poincaré's  
Army, Shadowed by Police, Found  
in Possession of Papers From War  
Department—Both Put to Death.

BY HERMAN BERNSTEIN.  
Author of "With Master Minds."  
Editor of The Day.

PARIS, October 26.—This is the story of a French young woman who was executed by the French military officials in Bellegarde, the little Franco-Swiss frontier village.

This war has produced numerous instances of self-sacrifice and of heroism, but the circumstances surrounding the fate of this young woman will rank among the most tragic and pathetic "human documents" of the war. It is the story of a woman who died for love. To help her lover, she committed high treason and paid with her life for it.

Women have figured prominently as spies in every war in this war their role has also been conspicuous. Some have betrayed their country for money, others have betrayed it for the love of adventure, and still others have betrayed it for the sake of love—following blindly the man who led them astray along the fascinating and dangerous path of crime. This young woman was a victim of love.

Not a word has been written about her death. Not a sigh, not a tear, not a prayer from her friends and relatives. For they did not know what had become of her. The French newspapers did not record the end of this woman, who paid with her life for her daring, mad desire to help her Austrian lover, who sought to secure French military secrets.

### WIFE OF LIEUTENANT IN FRENCH ARTILLERY

Her name was Susanna Raynal. She was the wife of Louis Raynal, a lieutenant in the artillery of the French army. She was twenty-eight years old when she was put to death. This husband, twelve years her senior, was at the front when she was shot. Her lover was shot with her. He broke down, quivering and crying hysterically, while she kept leaning him up, repeating: "Have no fear! Have no fear!"

She begged the officers to have them shot together, not separately. She declined to be blindfolded; held her lover by the hand, and kept murmuring: "Have no fear! Have no fear!" There were no prayers. No priest was allowed to administer to them the last rites. Within an hour after they had been trapped by the military authorities at the frontier, they were shot. The victim of love faced death with a strange spirit of bravado, with peculiar courage, while the man whimpered and cried and begged for mercy.

Several weeks ago I met in Paris a distinguished French diplomat, with whom I discussed many incidents of the war. Our conversation turned to the many varieties of spies and provocateurs, and to the motives that prompted them to betray their country.

### TEARS IN HIS VOICE

AS HE RELATES DETAILS  
Then he told me the story of this young woman who met her end so bravely at the French-Swiss frontier. There were tears in his voice as he related the details. For he knew the woman and he knew her husband.

"I was returning from London to Paris, a few weeks ago," he said. "Just as we were reaching Boulogne on the boat crossing the channel, while I was in line in the dining-room of the boat, where the passports were being examined by the military officers, I heard behind me a familiar voice, whispering in German, 'Prüfste doch nicht.' (Don't be afraid.)"

"I turned and saw the wife of my friend, a French lieutenant, who was at the front. She felt somewhat embarrassed when she noticed me, but immediately advanced toward me and introduced to me a tall young man of rather unattractive appearance.

"This is my husband's friend," she said to me. "He was kind enough to me to help me arrange my business affairs in London. Louis is at the front."

"In the meantime, my turn came to present my passport. I saw that she handed her French passport to the officer, and the young man showed his documents. I noticed that he was pale and nervous.

"In the train we met again—in the dining car. They seated themselves opposite me, and from the way they acted I knew that she was in love with that man. He was tall, thin and repulsive. Her husband was brilliant, handsome and wealthy. I recalled her comfortable, beautiful home in the center of Paris.

### WANTED ADVICE IN CERTAIN IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

"During our conversation she made several remarks to the young man in German, apparently under the impression that I did not understand that language. Upon our arrival in Paris she asked me to visit her soon. She said she wanted me to help her in a certain important matter, for which she would be most grateful. She urged me to visit her the following evening. I promised to call on her and bade her farewell.

"On the following evening, when I came to her house, I found her waiting at the door and said that madam was expecting me for dinner at four. I asked her to tell Mme. Raynal that I had another engagement for dinner.

"A few minutes later Mme. Raynal came out. As I mentioned before, she was a beautiful young woman of about twenty-eight. She was most charmingly dressed. She greeted me warmly and begged me to stay for dinner. I told her I had another important engagement. She implored me to stay. She said she was alone, and that she wished to talk with me about a matter of great importance, in which she desired to enlist my aid. I said that I would call on her some other evening.

"Then she told me that she wished to visit friends in Switzerland, that she had some manuscripts of a literary character she wanted to take to them, and that she wanted me to give her letters of introduction to several people.

## An Alaskan Senator



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—N.Y.

FRANK A. ALDRICH.  
It takes a hardy soul to be an Alaskan senator, because of the thirty-eight days of travel necessary for the Senator to attend the sessions of the Legislature. Of these, thirty-three days are spent traveling on a dog sledge from the Arctic Circle. Although here in the East, this may be looked upon as a most hardy adventure, up in Alaska the inhabitants think nothing of such a trip, for in the language of the Alaskan, there is no such word as "hardship." They know not the meaning of the word. Senator Aldrich makes his thirty-eight-day trip every second year to reach the city where the Alaskan Senate convenes. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., fifty-eight years ago, at the age of nineteen he joined General Terry's command on the Yellowstone River during the Indian campaign of 1876. He was driving a six-mule government wagon in Terry's Division in Montana at the time of the Custer massacre. The next year he was with General Nelson A. Miles in the Nez Percé Expedition, in which Chief Joseph was captured. In 1879 he began prospecting for gold, and has pursued the career of a miner ever since. He was elected to the Legislature in 1914.

ple, among them the Minister of War, I promised to call on her the following evening.

"As I bade her good-night she kissed me and begged me to break my other engagement and take dinner with her. I repeated it was impossible. Then I left her. As I walked down the stairs I noticed the tall young man I had met with her at Boulogne going up in the elevator to her apartment. That seemed more than strange to me. "It seemed to be a pre-arranged affair," he went on after a pause. "The next

morning I chanced to be lunching in a cafe where I occasionally met my friend, the head of the secret police department. In the course of my conversation I told the peculiar story of the woman and the young man, without mentioning her name. The police chief listened intently and then said: "I think I know the woman. We are watching her. We are also watching the man closely. He is an Australian. They seem to be engaged in a serious political conspiracy."

"He mentioned her name to me and asked me whether that was the woman I had in mind. I told him it was. "I did not call on her the following evening. In fact, I never saw her again."

"About two weeks later I met the head of the secret police department in the same cafe. He said to me: "Do you know what has happened to that woman—Susanna Raynal?"

"I haven't seen her since then," I replied.

"You will never see her again," he said. "She has been shot."

### POLICE SHADOWED WOMAN AND LOVER

"And then he told me how the police had shadowed her and her lover. Some one who had made her acquaintance recently gave her a letter of introduction to the Minister of War. She wanted to help the Austrian carry certain documents out of France, and wished to get a special letter from the Minister of War permitting her to take what she called manuscripts to her friends in Switzerland. She came to the Ministry of War with her lover. They were taken to a room in the police department, where they were told they would be asked to arrange the matter. The officer walked out of the room for a short time, leaving on the table near them a number of important-looking documents. The man took some of these documents, and after the officer had returned and had given them the letter they asked for, they went away.

"On the following day they reached Bellegarde, the Franco-Swiss frontier. They were searched, and the papers taken from the War Department were found on the woman. Within one hour both were shot. The man died bravely. She held the man by the hand and tried to brace him up. He was crying helplessly and hysterically.

"I cannot forgive myself for having mentioned the incident to the police chief," concluded the French diplomat. "Nor can I forgive myself for not having made an effort to see her again in order to warn her. Perhaps she might have been saved. The act of the police department was, after all, a piece of provocation."

"But I realized that she was so blinded by her love for this man, for this repulsive man, that nothing could have stopped her from doing what he wanted her to do. It is the eternal engine, this love of a beautiful woman for a repulsive man. This seemed all the more strange to me since I knew her husband, a handsome, brilliant and splendid man. They had been married only five years. Very few people know of the execution. Her husband, who is fighting at the front, knows nothing of the terrible end of his wife."

A few days ago I received information that Lieutenant Louis Raynal, the husband of the woman who was executed in Bellegarde, fell on the battle field recently. He passed away without learning of the tragedy that had befallen his home.

He died in defense of his fatherland, which his wife, through her blind love for a spy, had attempted to betray. Perhaps as he was dying of his wounds, his last thoughts and prayers were for his home and for his wife.

### Arrested on Gambling Charge.

Detective Sergeants Wiltshire and Bailey yesterday arrested C. G. Marshall, of 1845 West Broad Street, on a charge of maintaining a gambling house at that place.

Charge Assault and Theft.

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## Broad Street Gay With Fun-Seekers

Spooks and Goblins Take Charge  
and Big Crowd Enjoys  
Merry-Making.

Richmond knew that it was Halloween last night, and no mistake. Broad Street, from early nightfall until midnight, was thronged with hordes of all varieties, and they made merry every minute of the time.

Young and old alike took part in the celebration of the time when the spooks are abroad in the land. Costumes were of all descriptions and varieties. Children appeared as old people and old people sallied forth as juveniles. The girls were boys and the boys were girls.

There was not a spot along the gay bright way from Ninth to Adams Street that fantastic raiment could not be seen. Masks of all kinds concealed the identity of wearers. Gay pranks of all sorts followed close upon one another, but there were no reports of any serious disorder.

While the police were constantly on the alert, it was only infrequently that an officer found it necessary to interfere with the merry-making.

As for the crowd of plain, every-day folk, they actually congested the thoroughfare, laughing at the numerous freaks and thoroughly enjoying the fun from start to finish.

Yes, Richmond's Halloween party was a decided success.

Those who are skeptical of this statement may find honest proof of it this morning when back and front gates are missing, if they did not discover it last night when tick-tacks clashed against windowpanes.

### FAMOUS OLD OAK TREE REMOVED FROM STREET

Main Tree Root Entirely Decayed, and  
Limb in Danger of Giving  
Way in High Winds.

After being nursed for years by the city authorities the famous old oak tree in Park Avenue just West of Harrison was yesterday removed under supervision of City Engineer Bolling. It had become so far decayed as to be a menace to the surrounding property, and all efforts of the nurserymen were unable to preserve it longer.

Mr. Bolling said last night that he felt a personal grief in the cutting down of the ancient landmark, as he has for years endeavored to stay its decay. When the street was paved Mr. Bolling made a personal appeal to the Street Committee in its behalf and later had pipes sunk to give water to its roots. Recent examinations showed the entire heart gone and the tree supported only by its rim, which was constantly thinning and in danger of giving way in a high wind. After it was cut down examination showed the main tap root gone entirely, and that the decay had extended into the main limbs.

The oak was a landmark on old Settlemont Road long before the section was annexed to the city when the winding driveway now known as Park Avenue was the main road from the city to the coal pits at Gayton.

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